

**MARVEL**  
**COMICS**

**JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY** PART ONE

# QUICKBARK

\$1.00 US  
\$1.25 CAN  
**13**  
**AUG**  
UK 60p

APPROVED  
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COMICS  
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AUTHORITY



JIM  
LEE



GUEST-STARRING  
**SQUADRON  
SUPREME**



WENDELL VAUGHN... THE FIRST EARTH MAN EVER APPOINTED PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE. BONDED TO THE ENERGY-TRANSFORMING QUANTUM-BANDS THAT ARE BOTH WEAPONS AND SYMBOLS OF HIS STATION, HE FIGHTS AN ONGOING BATTLE TO DEFEND ALL LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE FROM COSMIC EVIL!

STAN LEE PRESENTS... QUASAR!

I DON'T KNOW IF I BELIEVE IN AN AFTERLIFE... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I BELIEVE IN ANYMORE, I'M SO SCREWED UP. SO WHAT AM I DOING AT A GRAVE SITE, THEN...?

IF ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS TO ESCAPE FROM ALL MY RESPONSIBILITIES... AND INADEQUACIES... AND FAILURES FOR A WHILE, THERE ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF PLACES DEVOID OF LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE.

BUT NO... THIS IS WHERE I HAD TO COME... A TINY MOON ORBITING SATURN...

# THE EARTH YOU HAVE REACHED...

MARK GRUENWALD • MIKE MANLEY • DAN PANOSIAN • JANICE CHIANG • PAUL BECTON • HOWARD MACKIE • TOM DE FALCO  
WORDS PENCILS INKS LETTERS COLORS EDITS CHIEF

QUASAR™ Vol. 1, No. 13, August 1990 issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.00 per copy in the U.S. and \$1.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. \$12.00; Canada \$17.00; and foreign \$24.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. QUASAR (including all prominent characters featured in the issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) are trademarks of the MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO QUASAR, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.



... BECAUSE THIS IS THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF MY PREDECESSOR, THE PREVIOUS SO-CALLED PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE... CAPTAIN MAR-VELL.

I REGRET I'D NEVER MET HIM. I SAW HIM ONCE AT AN INFORMAL GATHERING, BUT AT THE TIME I HAD NO INKLING HE WAS ANYTHING MORE THAN A SUPER HERO RUMORED TO BE AN ALIEN.

MAN, WOULD MY LIFE BE A LOT EASIER IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN CANCER, MAR-VELL.

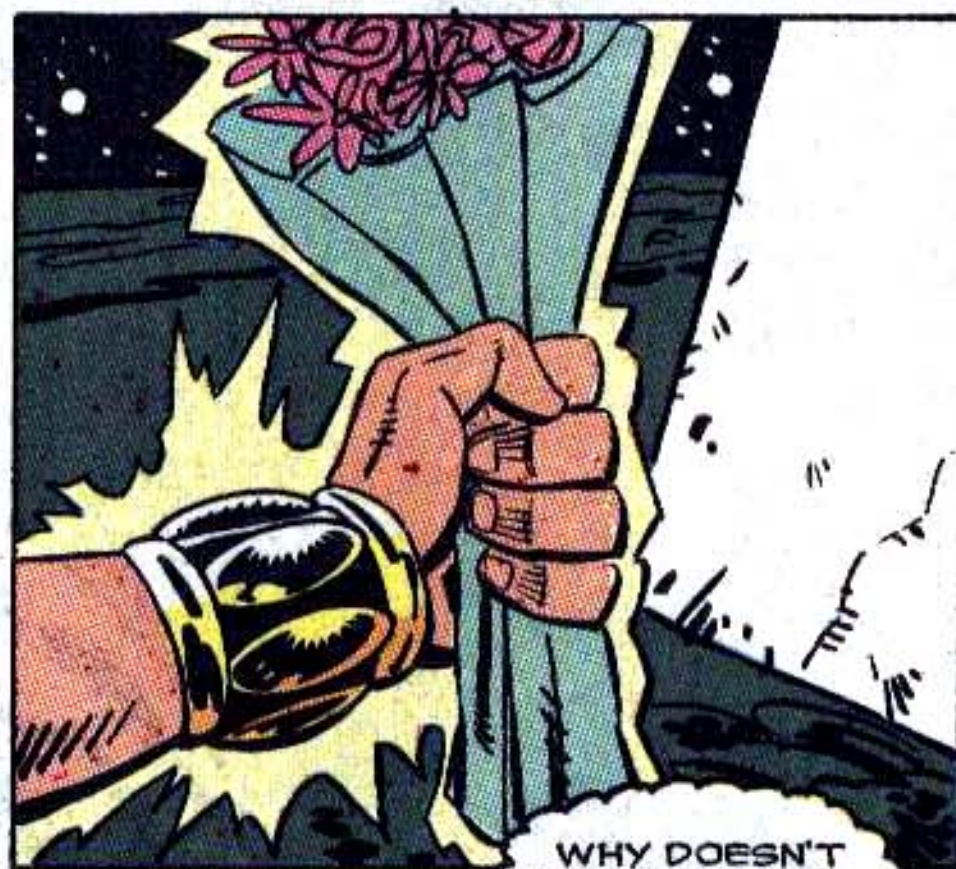
EVERYONE I'VE TALKED TO WHO *KNEW* YOU SINGS YOUR PRAISES. TALK ABOUT A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T TOLD MANY PEOPLE I GOT YOUR OLD JOB.

WHAT'S INCREDIBLE TO ME IS THAT YOU MANAGED TO BE PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT THE QUANTUM-BANDS THANKS TO A COSMIC FOUL-UP. ME, I'M BARELY GETTING BY AND I'VE GOT THEM.

I HAVEN'T EVEN FACED MY FIRST REALLY BIG COSMIC ORDEAL YET, AND ALREADY MY TRACK RECORD IS PRETTY LOUSY.

EON DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING BUT I CAN TELL HE REGRETS APPOINTING ME PROTECTOR. BUT HE'S STUCK WITH ME. THE JOB'S MINE TILL DEATH... HOPEFULLY, MY DEATH AND NOT THE UNIVERSE'S.

WERE YOU EVER PLAGUED WITH SELF-DOUBTS LIKE I AM? YOU HAD TO BE! WHAT'S THE STORY WITH EON? DOES HE REALLY THINK ANY ONE MAN IS UP TO THE TASK OF PROTECTING THE WHOLE BLEEDING UNIVERSE?



WHY DOESN'T HE GO AROUND APPOINTING LEGIONS OF THEM TO--

UH-OH.



BLAST!





WHILE I'VE BEEN  
OUT HERE **WANNING**  
AND FEELING  
**SORRY** FOR  
MYSELF--

--SOMETHING  
FROM SPACE HAS  
PASSED THROUGH  
THE **INVISIBLE**  
**ENERGY LATTICE**  
I CREATED AROUND  
EARTH--

-- TO WARN ME OF  
**EXTRATERRESTRIAL**  
**TRESPASSERS!**



MAYBE THIS  
IS **IT**. THE **BIG**  
**COSMIC KAHUNA**,  
EON, SPECIFICALLY  
APPOINTED ME TO  
COUNTER-- JUST  
LIKE **YOU** WERE  
APPOINTED TO  
COUNTER  
**THANOS**,  
MAR-VELL!



THANKS  
FOR **LISTENING**,  
MAR-VELL! I'LL  
BE **BACK**-- ONE  
WAY OR  
ANOTHER!



**EARTH'S EXOSPHERE...**

LOOK AT THAT.  
HAS A PLANET  
EVER LOOKED SO  
**BEAUTIFUL?**

I CAN'T  
WAIT TO **SET**  
**DOWN**. FIRST THING  
I'M GOING TO DO IS  
KICK OFF MY BOOTS  
AND WALK BAREFOOT  
THROUGH THE  
GRASS!



I'M GOING TO GRAB MY **WIFE**  
AND **KID** AND **HUG** THEM AND  
NOT LET THEM GO FOR A WEEK!

WHAT ABOUT  
**YOU**, JOE...?  
JOE? WHAT'S  
**WRONG?**

THE SHIP'S **TELEMETRIC**  
**GUIDANCE SYSTEM** MUST  
BE ON THE **BLINK**.  
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ABLE  
TO LOCK INTO **HOMING**  
**FREQUENCY**. NOT TO WORRY.  
I CAN LAND THIS CRATE  
**MANUALLY**, BUT... IT IS  
KINDA STRANGE.



LET ME SEE  
IF I CAN GET A  
**VOICE-**  
**TRANSMISSION**.

**SS1 TO BASE.**  
**SS1 TO BASE.**  
**PLEASE**  
**RESPOND.**  
**OVER.**

**STZZZSTZZSTZZZZZ**

NOTHING  
BUT  
**STATIC.**



AT THAT MOMENT, EMERGING FROM HYPERSPACE...



MADE IT.  
NOW WHERE IS THAT  
UNIDENTIFIED  
EXTRATERRESTRIAL  
ATMOSPHERE-  
BREAKER?

AHA, MY  
QUANTUM-  
BANDS HAVE  
GOT A  
FIX.



GOT TO  
DESCEND AT  
THE FASTEST  
SPEED THAT  
WON'T CAUSE  
ENVIRONMENTAL  
DAMAGE--!

BELOW...

STRAP IN,  
EVERYBODY. WITHOUT  
TELEMETRY TO GUIDE  
ME, I'M GOING TO HAVE  
TO DO THIS ALL BY  
THE SEAT OF MY  
PANTS!



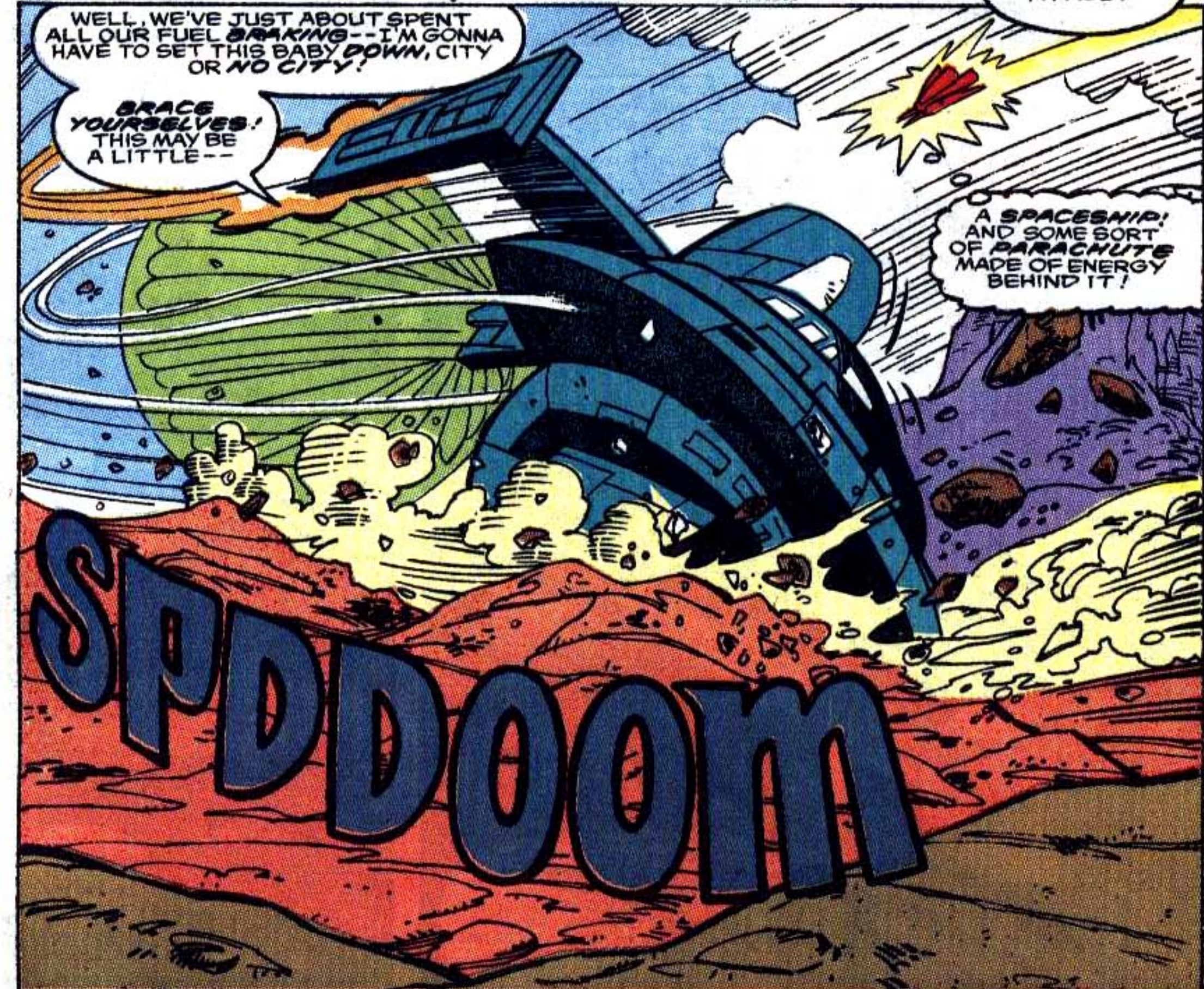
'CANNA-- YOU CREATED THE  
INVISIBILITY FIELD AROUND  
THE CITY. UNCREATE IT SO  
I CAN SEE THE LANDING STRIP!

I'M TRYING,  
JOE-- BUT  
SOMETHING--  
SOMETHING IS  
REALLY  
WRONG--!

I DON'T  
FEEL THE CITY  
AT ALL!

WELL, WE'VE JUST ABOUT SPENT  
ALL OUR FUEL BRAKING-- I'M GONNA  
HAVE TO SET THIS BABY DOWN, CITY  
OR NO CITY!

BRACE  
YOURSELVES!  
THIS MAY BE  
A LITTLE--



A SPACESHIP!  
AND SOME SORT  
OF PARACHUTE  
MADE OF ENERGY  
BEHIND IT!

SPDDDOOM

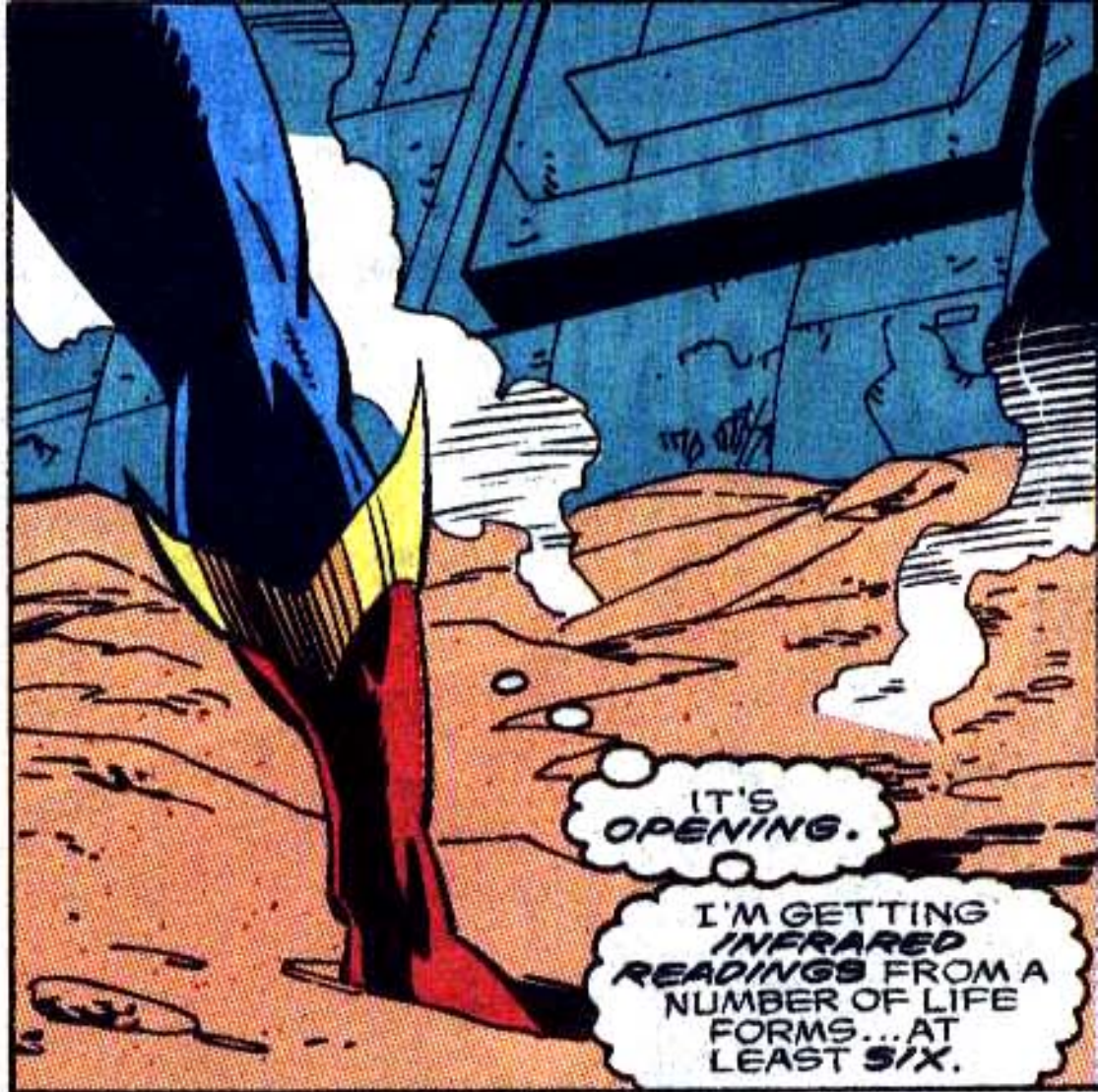




LANDING  
LOOKED  
PRETTY  
ROUGH.

WHERE'S  
THE MATCH?

THERE  
IT IS.



IT'S  
OPENING.

I'M GETTING  
INFRARED  
READINGS FROM A  
NUMBER OF LIFE  
FORMS...AT  
LEAST SIX.



WHO  
THE--?









WHA--WHERE'D--? THAT WIND-- HE'S RUNNING AROUND ME IN A CIRCLE--

-- JUST LIKE MY SUPERSWIFT FRIEND MANKARI DID, A FEW DAYS AGO! X

MAN, THESE SPEEDSTERS ARE OVERREACTORS-- MUST COME WITH THE SHORT REACTION TIME.

BETTER AUGMENT MY FORCE-- BUBBLE!

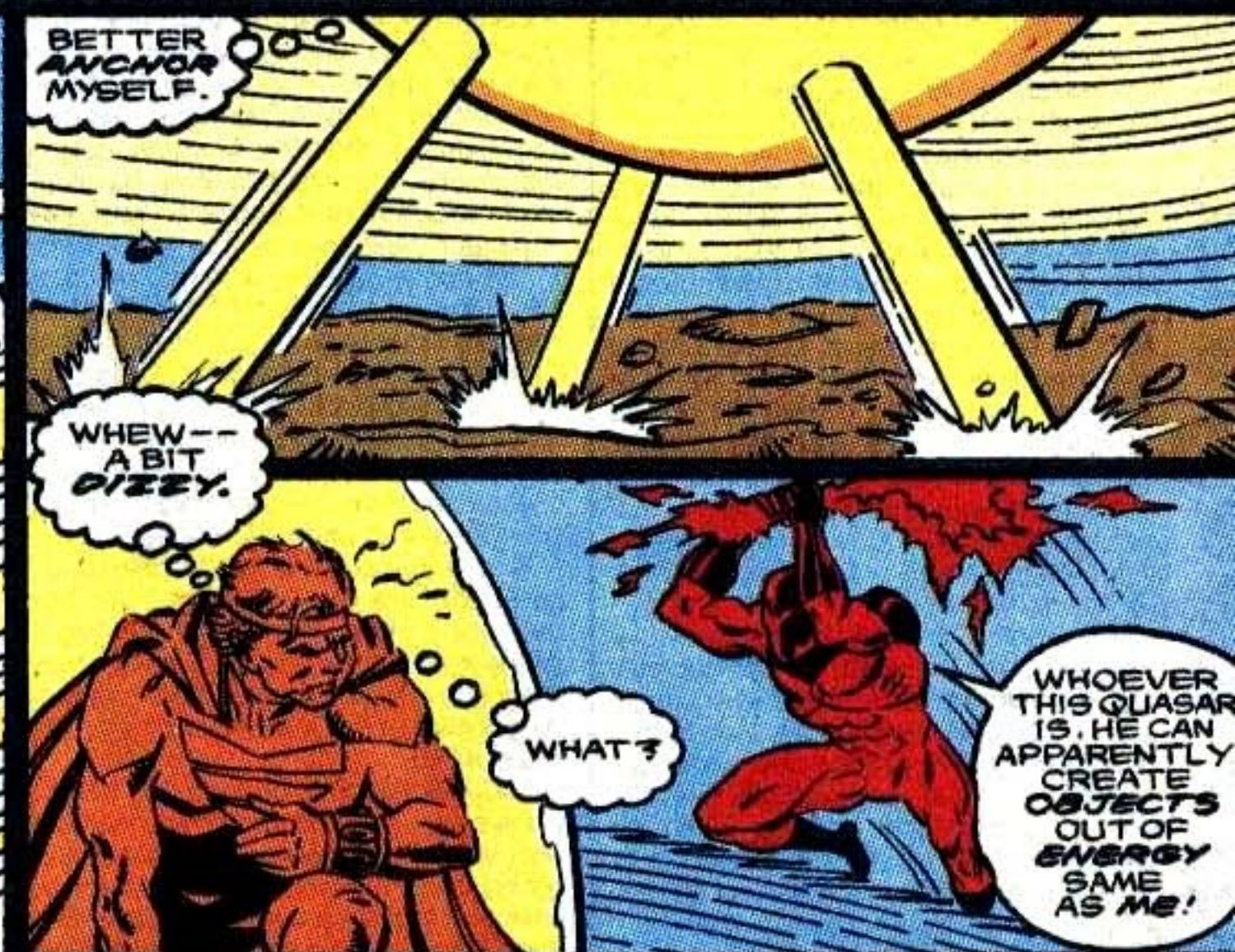
X SEE LAST ISSUE.



ON-ON! HE'S RUNNING ABOUT ME SO FAST, HE'S CREATED A VORTEX--

-- LIFTING UP MY BUBBLE--

-- SPINNING IT ABOUT!



BETTER ANCHOR MYSELF.

WHEW-- A BIT DIZZY.

WHAT?

WHOEVER THIS QUASAR IS, HE CAN APPARENTLY CREATE OBJECTS OUT OF ENERGY SAME AS ME!



LET'S SEE WHOSE ARE STRONGER.

HOLY SMOKE-- THAT GUY'S AXE PENETRATED MY ENERGY-CONSTRUCT! WHO ARE THESE EX-SQUADRON GUYS?



WITH ALL THE DUST THE WHIZZER IS KICKING UP, I CAN'T TELL WHAT'S GOING ON. I'LL TRY TO GET A BETTER VANTAGE POINT.

JUST DON'T ENTER THE ARMY, LARK! I DON'T THINK WHIZZER AND SPECTRUM'S ASSAULT IS GOING TO GET US ANYWHERE!





THERE'S SOMETHING DREADFULLY **WRONG** HERE, **HYPERION**. THE MYSTICAL MATRICES ARE... **VERY OUT OF ALIGNMENT!** AND THAT **QUASAR** PERSON-- I THINK I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE!

KEEP ME POSTED **ARCANNA!**



WAY I FIGURE, PAL, ENOUGH **PUNCTURE-HOLES** IN YOUR BUBBLE WILL MESS UP ITS **STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY**--

--AND CRACK IT LIKE AN **EGGSHELL!**

I TAKE IT THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A **GOOD TIME?**



MOVE OVER, SPEC-- I'LL PUT A FEW CRACKS IN THIS SPHERE!



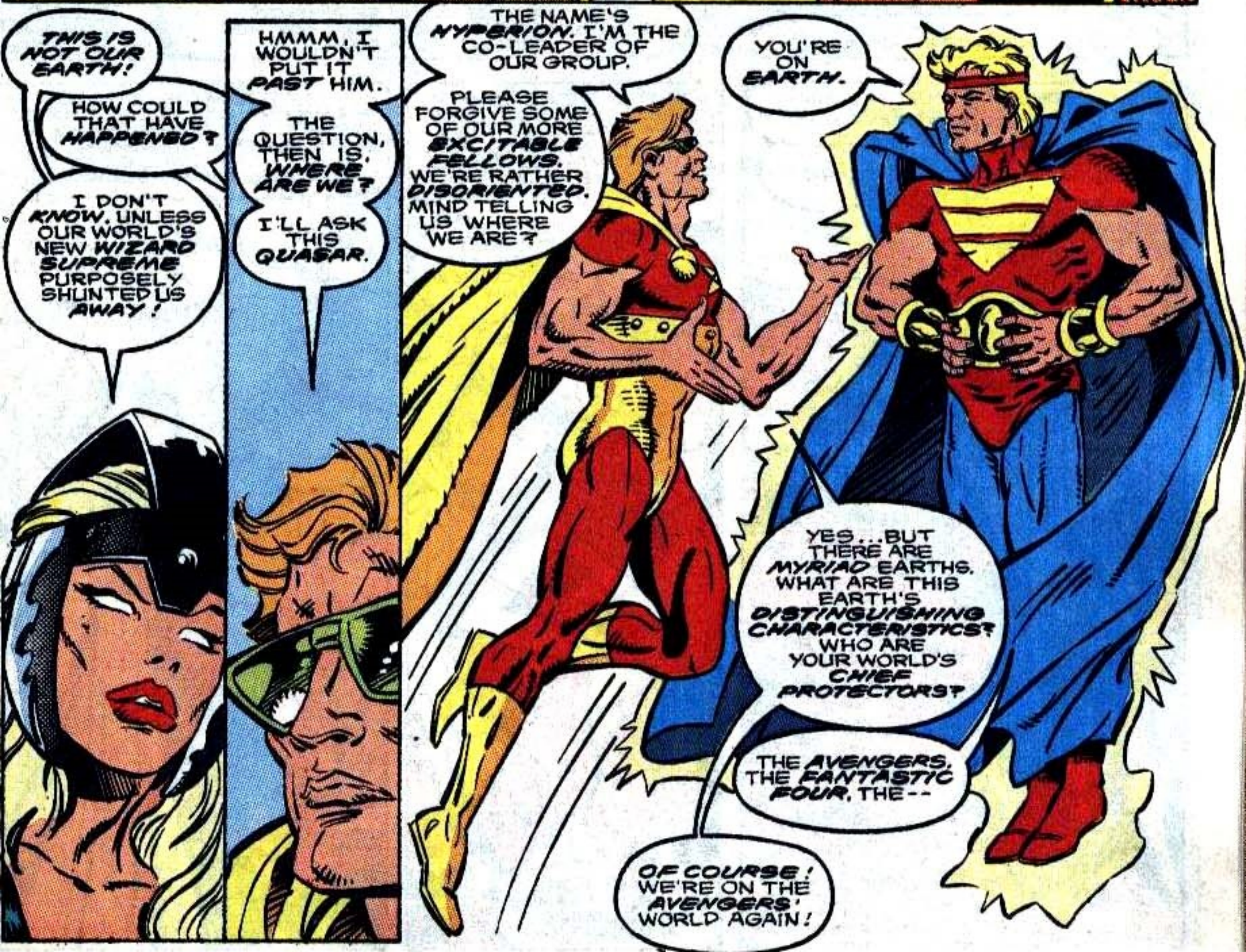
THOUGH I'M NOT THAT WORRIED ABOUT **THESE TWO**, I AM OUTNUMBERED **8 TO 2** HERE. I COULD USE SOME **REINFORCEMENTS**.

ONLY **WHO** COULD GET HERE FAST ENOUGH TO DO ME ANY-- OF COURSE! **MAKKARI!**

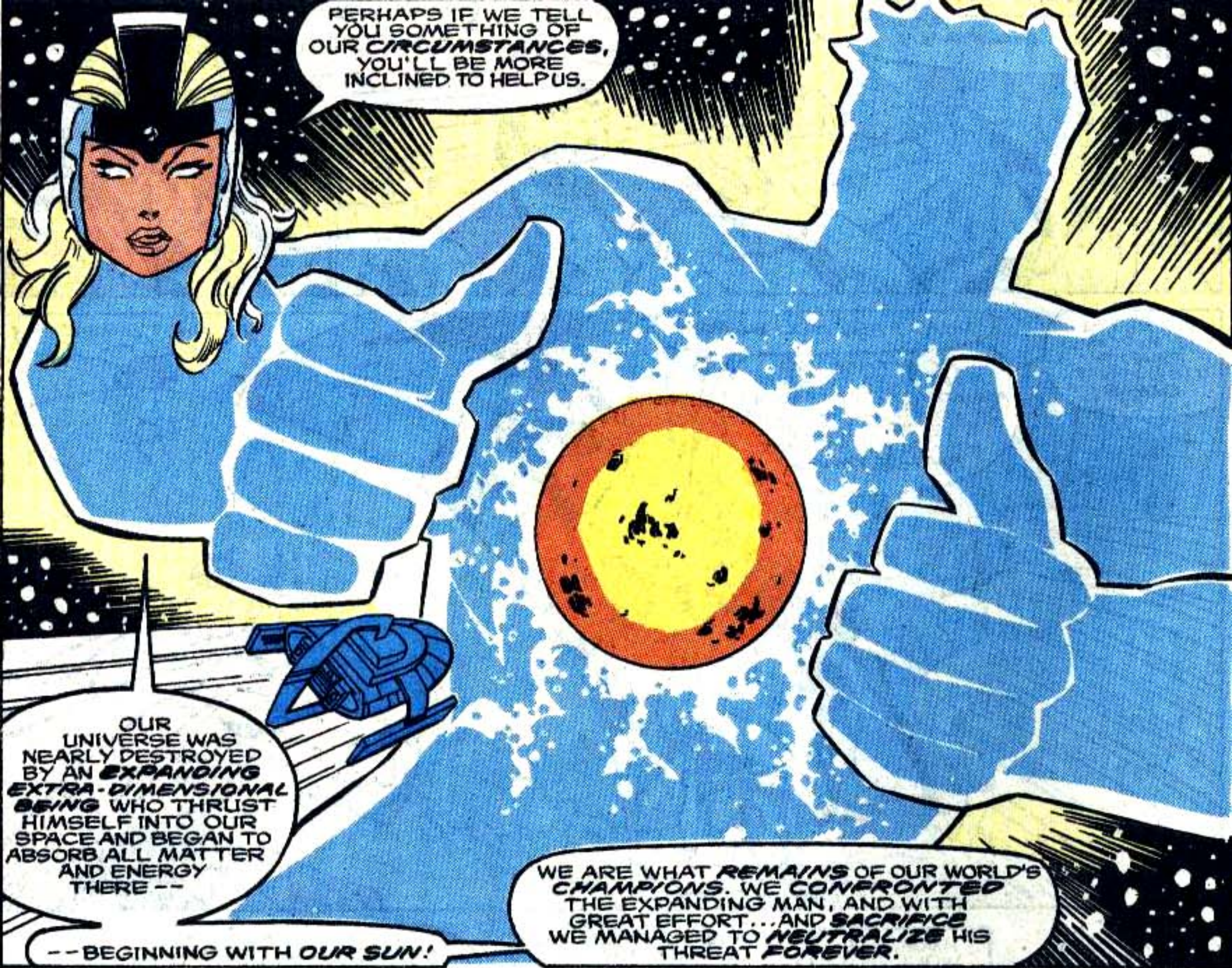
QUASAR TO **SON**, I NEED A FAVOR COULD YOU PAGE **MAKKARI** THE **ETERNAL** FOR ME?

IF YOU WISH.









PERHAPS IF WE TELL YOU SOMETHING OF OUR *CIRCUMSTANCES*, YOU'LL BE MORE INCLINED TO HELP US.

OUR UNIVERSE WAS NEARLY DESTROYED BY AN *EXPANDING EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL BEING* WHO THRUST HIMSELF INTO OUR SPACE AND BEGAN TO ABSORB ALL MATTER AND ENERGY THERE --

-- BEGINNING WITH OUR SUN!

WE ARE WHAT REMAINS OF OUR WORLD'S *CHAMPIONS*. WE *CONFRONTED* THE EXPANDING MAN, AND WITH GREAT EFFORT... AND *SACRIFICE* WE MANAGED TO *NEUTRALIZE* HIS THREAT FOREVER.



WE WERE ONLY ATTEMPTING TO *RETURN HOME* WHEN WE FOUND OURSELVES HERE IN --

THAT SOUND -- *MAKKARI!*

HO, QUAZE!



GOT THIS WEIRD *MENTAL FLASH* THAT YOU WERE IN *TROUBLE* -- IT EVEN TOLD ME WHERE YOU WERE! I THOUGHT WHAT THE HEY, ONLY TAKE ME A FEW MOMENTS TO CHECK IT OUT.

I TAKE IT YOU'RE NOT IN *TROUBLE*, HUH?

NOT ANYMORE, MAK. BUT THANKS FOR COMING ANYWAY.



THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE, *MAKKARI*. MAK, THESE PEOPLE APPARENTLY COME FROM ANOTHER *EARTH LIKE DIMENSION*. THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE *EX-SQUADRON SUPREME*.

JUST WHAT THIS WORLD *NEEDS*. ANOTHER *X-GROUP*.



ALL WE WANT IS TO LEAVE YOUR WORLD AND GET BACK TO OUR OWN. IF YOU COULD TAKE US TO THE AVENGERS--

I COULD. I'M A MEMBER. BUT I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH HELP WE'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU. WE DON'T HAVE ANY DIMENSION TRAVEL EXPERTS ON THE TEAM...



...AND RIGHT NOW OUR HEADQUARTERS IS UNDERGOING RECONSTRUCTION.



WAIT--I KNOW. THERE'S THIS ENERGY PROJECT I KNOW OF THAT HAS A SURPLUS OF HOUSING.

I'LL CONTACT IT. SEE IF THEY'LL LET US USE THEIR FACILITIES AS A TEMPORARY BASE FOR YOU.



WHY DON'T YOU ALL JUST GET BACK IN YOUR SHIP. I CAN TOW YOU THERE.

SHOULD I MAKE MYSELF SCARCE OR IS THIS LIKE A TEAM-UP?

I'D BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU STICK AROUND, MAK. NEVER KNOW WHEN I MAY NEED YOU TO PULL MY FAT OUT OF THE FIRE AGAIN.

MAYBE YOU COULD RIDE INSIDE.



SURE THING, Q-MAN.

NEVER MINGLED WITH EXTRADIMENSIONALS BEFORE.



LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND, IF YOU DON'T MIND.



OKAY. PROVIDED YOU GO EASY ON THE SWORDS AND SABERS.

YEAH--HA! GUESS I DID GET CARRIED AWAY A BIT. WELL, THE WHIZZER'S A BUDDY--FIGURED HE NEEDED SOMEBODY TO BACK HIM UP.

AND, AFTER BEING COOPED UP IN THE SHIP FOR SO LONG, I WAS LOOKING TO LET OFF A LITTLE STEAM.





SO WHAT'S THE SOURCE OF YOUR ENERGY?

THIS ALIEN POWER PRISM THAT WAS SHATTERED AND ALL ITS PARTICLES WERE ABSORBED INTO MY SKIN. YOURS?

ALIEN POWER-BANDS THAT I WEAR ON MY WRISTS.

HMM. WONDER IF THEY'RE RELATED.

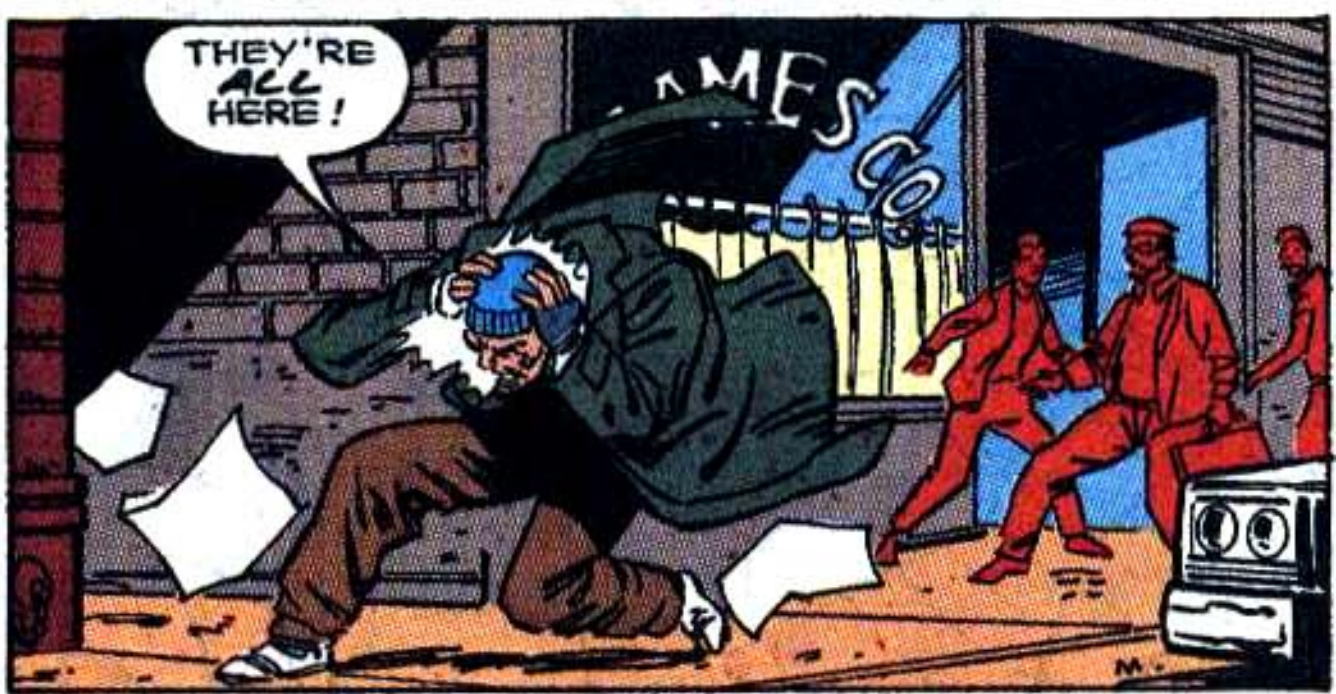
I TEND TO DOUBT IT. UH, EXCUSE ME WHILE I RADIO AHEAD.

NOW THAT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T DO.



MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK CITY...

GYAAAAH! THEY'RE HERE!!!



THEY'RE ALL HERE!



HEY, HEY, BUDDY-- YOU ALL RIGHT?



OH, YES. I HAVEN'T FELT THIS MUCH MYSELF IN YEARS.



ABOUT TWO HOURS LATER, AT THE UPSTATE NEW YORK ENERGY RESEARCH FACILITY, PROJECT PEGASUS...

REALLY APPRECIATE THIS ON SO SHORT A NOTICE, DR. WILBURN...

NONSENSE, QUASAR. THE PROJECT OWES YOU FAR MORE THAN A SMALL FAVOR LIKE THIS.

THANK YOU, SIR. WITH ANY LUCK, IT SHOULD ONLY BE A FEW DAYS BEFORE WE'VE HELPED THEM GET BACK HOME.

YOUR FRIENDS ARE WELCOME TO STAY AS LONG AS THEY'D LIKE. EVER SINCE ALL OF OUR SUPERHUMAN TEST SUBJECTS WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE FEDERAL VAULT, THE ENTIRE COMPOUND DOME HAS BEEN VACANT.



MS. ZARDA, DR. WILBURN WILL HELP YOU SETTLE IN. I'LL BE GETTING IN TOUCH WITH ALL OF THE DIMENSION TRAVEL EXPERTS I CAN THINK OF, AND I'LL GET BACK TO YOU AS SOON AS I CAN.

THANK YOU FOR ALL OF YOUR HELP, QUASAR.

JUST DOING MY JOB, MA'AM.



WHY IS IT YOU KEEP STARING AT ME?

SORRY, MAN, I--

I'M GOING, MAKKARI. COMING?

NO, I'VE GOT TO FINISH DISCUSSING SOMETHING WITH THIS FELLOW WITH THE GROOVY GOGGLES.

OKAY. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.



THE FIRST PERSON I CAN THINK OF TO TRY IS REED RICHARDS. HE KNOWS A GREAT DEAL ABOUT EVERYTHING.



I'LL CALL HIM FROM MY OFFICE.





VAUGHN SECURITY SYSTEMS, TWELFTH FLOOR, FOUR FREEDOM'S PLAZA...

HI, KAYLA. HOW'S IT GOING?

THANK GOODNESS NO NEW ACCOUNTS, MR. VAUGHN.



WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS FULL DEALING WITH THE FIVE MIZZ STECKLEY DUMPED ON US ALL AT ONCE.

I LIKE YOUR DRESS, BY THE WAY.

OH, THANKS.



HEY, BOSS,

GOOD MORNING, KEN... MISS STECKLEY.

UNLESS MY WATCH IS OFF, THAT SHOULD BE "GOOD AFTERNOON."



I HAVE SOME PRELIMINARY DESIGNS ON THE CORDCO AND DELMAR ACCOUNTS FOR YOU TO EXAMINE, MR. TANAKA IS WORKING ON THE OCCULT LIBRARY IN BOSTON.

OKAY...



WE HAVE A ORIENTATION MEETING WITH THE STAVE PEOPLE WEDNESDAY AT 10. WILL YOUR SCHEDULE PERMIT YOU TO MAKE IT?

I BELIEVE SO. I'LL BE IN MY OFFICE.



THAT IS ONE PECULIAR WOMAN I'VE HIRED.

YES, THIS IS WENDELL VAUGHN OF VAUGHN SECURITIES. MAY I SPEAK TO DR. RICHARDS, PLEASE?

HE'S NOT. WELL THEN, IF YOU COULD HAVE HIM CALL ME WHEN HE GETS IN, MY NUMBER IS 555-2211. THANKS.





LET'S SEE... WHO ELSE MIGHT I TRY? FOR A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT APPROACH, THERE'S DR. STRANGE, THE SORCERER. WHO ELSE...?

WAIT, WHAT ABOUT EON-- HE LIVES IN ANOTHER DIMENSION TANGENTIAL TO THIS, AFTER ALL!

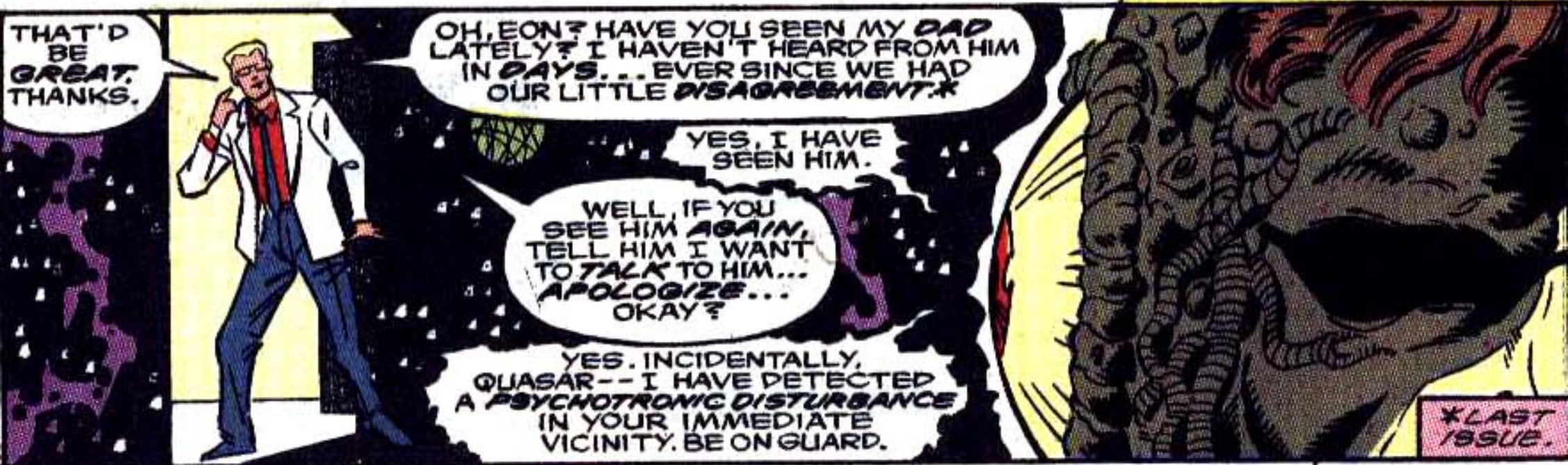


HEY, EON-- YOU'RE QUASI-OMNIPOTENT, RIGHT? YOU THINK YOU COULD TRANSPORT SOMEONE FROM YOUR SUBSPACIAL REALM HERE TO THE REALITY OF THEIR CHOICE?



IN OTHER WORDS, YOU GOT YOUR TURF AND OTHERS HAVE THEIRS.

PRECISELY. IF YOU WISH, I COULD TRY TO PINPOINT ALL OF THE DENIZENS OF YOUR WORLD WITH MULTI-DIMENSIONAL ACCESS.



THAT'D BE GREAT. THANKS.

OH, EON? HAVE YOU SEEN MY DAD LATELY? I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN DAYS... EVER SINCE WE HAD OUR LITTLE DISAGREEMENT.\*

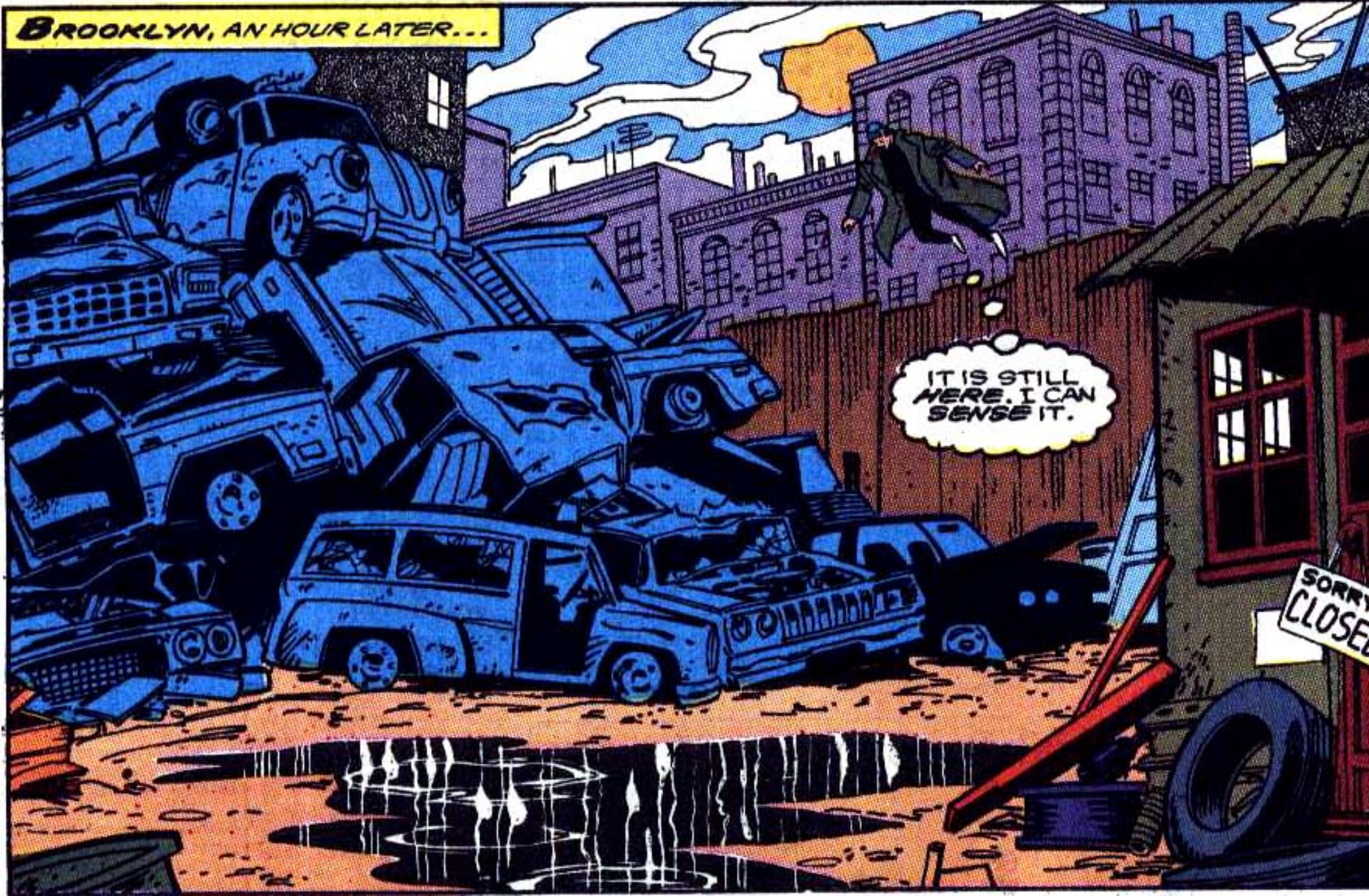
YES, I HAVE SEEN HIM.

WELL, IF YOU SEE HIM AGAIN, TELL HIM I WANT TO TALK TO HIM... APOLOGIZE... OKAY?

YES. INCIDENTALLY, QUASAR-- I HAVE DETECTED A PSYCHOTRONIC DISTURBANCE IN YOUR IMMEDIATE VICINITY. BE ON GUARD.

\*LAST ISSUE.

BROOKLYN, AN HOUR LATER...



IT IS STILL HERE. I CAN SENSE IT.

SORRY  
CLOSED





RUSTING HUSKS  
OF PRIMITIVE  
EARTHLY  
CONVEYANCES--  
DISPERSE--

--SO THAT  
THE MAGNIFICENT  
STARCRAFT THAT  
BROUGHT ME TO THIS  
PITIABLE SPHERE SO  
MANY PLANETARY-  
REVOLUTIONS AGO  
WOULD STAND  
REVEALED.

YES!  
YES!  
YES!

HELLO, DR. WILBURN.  
THIS IS QUASAR. COULD I  
SPEAK TO *HYPHERION*?

HE AND  
YOUR FRIEND  
MAKKARI LEFT  
THE PROJECT ABOUT  
TWO HOURS AGO ON  
SOME SORT OF  
"FACT-FINDING  
MISSION." THEY  
SAID. I CAN PUT  
YOU THROUGH TO  
ONE OF THE  
OTHER EX-  
SQUADRONERS.

YOU'VE GOT  
MY *NUMBER*.  
THANKS.

OKAY.

HMM. THERE'S  
NO ONE PICKING  
UP IN THE COMPOUND.  
MAYBE THEY'RE BEING  
GIVEN THE TOUR OF  
THE PLACE. I'LL SEND  
A MAN TO RUSTLE  
THEM UP AND CALL  
YOU BACK.



THREE HOURS LATER...



DR. WILBURN... DR. RICHARDS... DR. STRANGE... NO ONE'S GOTTEN BACK TO ME YET.



AT LEAST I'VE BEEN ABLE TO CATCH UP ON SOME WORK.

WHEWWW... MAYBE I SHOULD LIE DOWN FOR A NAP. THAT'S ONE SURE WAY TO MAKE THE PHONE RING.



A THOUSAND, ONE, A THOUSAND TWO...



HUH?



IF NOT THE TELEPHONE, THEN MY QUANTUM-BANDS--!

SOMETHING COSMIC IS GOING DOWN... NEARBY, TOO.



GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE! UM-HUH! A FLYING SAUCER WITH A CLOAKING FIELD!

THAT DOESN'T HIDE IT FROM MY WRIST-BANDS, THOUGH!



THAT TINGLING SENSATION IN MY BRAIN! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MIND-CONTROL ME!

WON'T WORK, THOUGH. AFTER MY LAST RUN-IN WITH A MIND-MESSER, \* I PROGRAMMED MY QUANTUM-BANDS TO AUTOMATICALLY PROTECT ME.



WHILE I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER PSIONS, PER SE, I CAN AT LEAST SET UP A JAMMING FREQUENCY TO KEEP THEM OUT OF MY HEAD.



OKAY, YOU REFUGEE FROM PROJECT BLUE BOOK, LET'S SEE WHO'S INSIDE YOU!

\*QUASAR #9.





WHAT?!!  
TWO OF THE  
EX-SQUADROVERS!  
THE SHAPE AND  
HAYWIRE, I  
BELIEVE THEY  
WERE INTRODUCED  
TO ME AS.

LOOKS LIKE  
THE SHAPE'S  
STRETCHED  
HIMSELF OUT  
INTO A HANG  
GLIDER!

HEY,  
FELLOWS--  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON? HOW'D YOU  
GET INSIDE  
THAT SHIP?





WHAT THE--? SOMETHING  
SNAGGED MY FOOT!  
SOMETHING LIKE--  
SPIDER-MAN'S WEB!

WHERE'D  
THAT  
COME  
FROM?

BETTER  
SNIP IT  
BEFORE  
IT--



OH, NO!  
MY ENERGY-  
SCISSORS  
CAN'T CUT  
THROUGH  
IT!

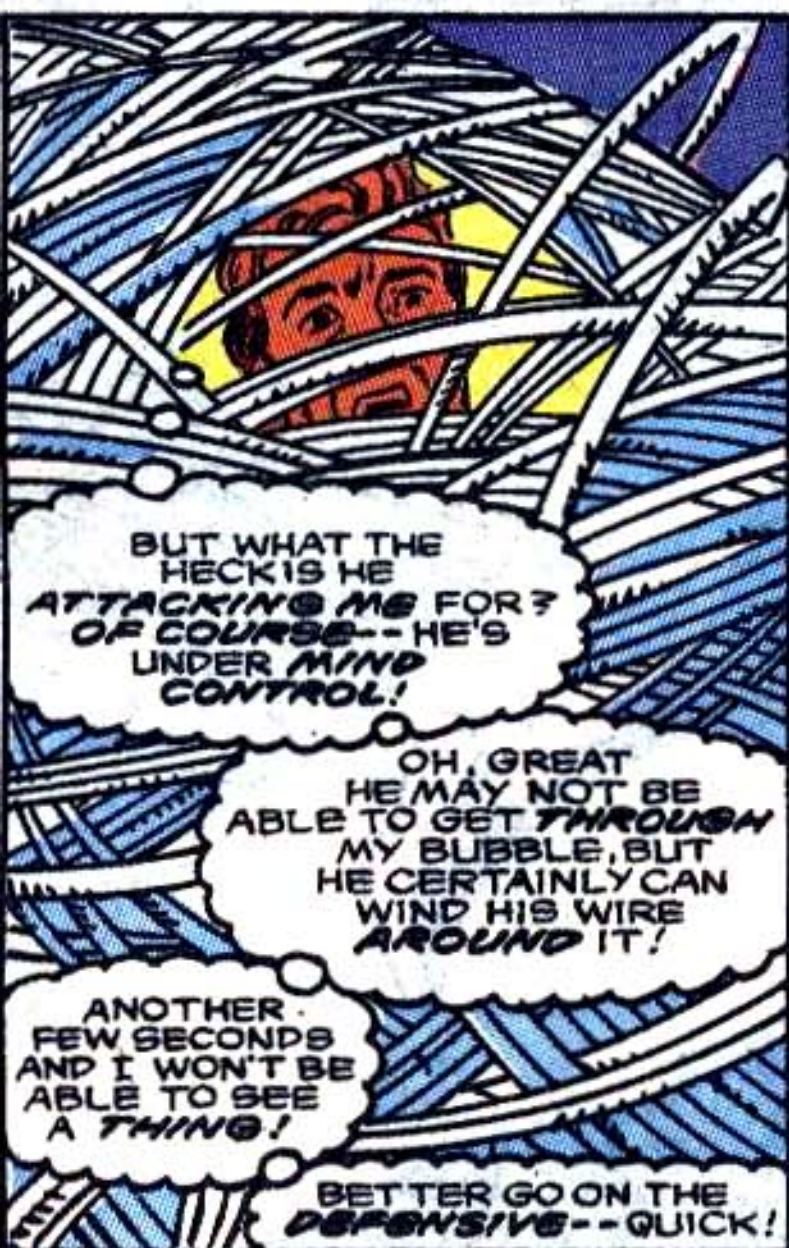
IT MUST  
BE MADE OF  
EXTRADIMENSIONAL  
MATTER OR  
MAGIC OR--



IT'S THAT  
HAYWIRE'S  
DOING!

PUT UP A  
BUBBLE JUST  
IN TIME!

FORTUNATELY  
HIS WIRE HAS AS  
MUCH PROBLEM GETTING  
THROUGH MY QUANTUM  
STUFF AS MY STUFF  
DOES THROUGH HIS!

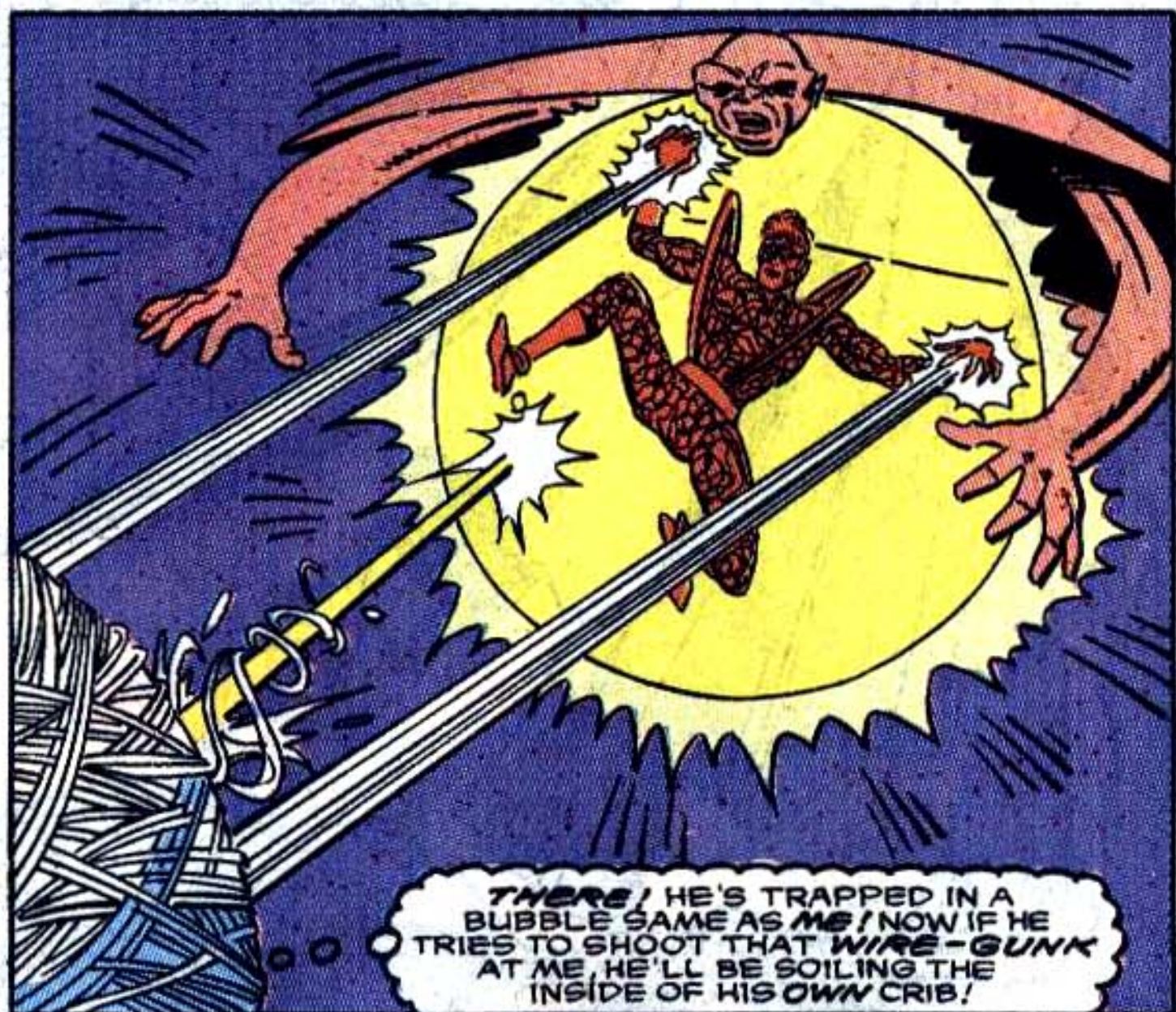


BUT WHAT THE  
HECK IS HE  
ATTACKING ME FOR?  
OF COURSE-- HE'S  
UNDER MIND  
CONTROL!

OH, GREAT  
HE MAY NOT BE  
ABLE TO GET THROUGH  
MY BUBBLE, BUT  
HE CERTAINLY CAN  
WIND HIS WIRE  
AROUND IT!

ANOTHER  
FEW SECONDS  
AND I WON'T BE  
ABLE TO SEE  
A THING!

BETTER GO ON THE  
DEFENSIVE-- QUICK!



THERE! HE'S TRAPPED IN A  
BUBBLE SAME AS ME! NOW IF HE  
TRIES TO SHOOT THAT WIRE-GUNK  
AT ME, HE'LL BE SOILING THE  
INSIDE OF HIS OWN CRIB!





WHAT--? I  
SPOKE  
TOO SOON...!

THAT  
WIRY GOOP  
IS STARTING TO  
FILL UP THE  
INSIDE OF  
MY SPHERE!

BUT HOW?  
DOESN'T THAT  
JUNK COME OUT  
OF HIS HAND  
SOMEHOW?

MAYBE NOT!  
MAYBE IT JUST  
FORMS WHEREVER HE  
THINKS ABOUT  
IT FORMING!



SOMETHING DRASTIC  
IS CALLED FOR--  
BEFORE I'M TRUSSED  
UP TIGHTER THAN  
KING TUT!

OKAY,  
MR. HAYWIRE,  
TWO CAN PLAY  
AT THE REMOTE  
CONTROL  
GAME!

GOT TO  
VISUALIZE  
THE SPHERE  
I'VE GOT HIM  
TRAPPED IN  
AS CLEARLY  
AS I CAN...



...NOW I'LL CAUSE THE INSIDE  
OF THE SPHERE TO START  
SPOUTING TWO-FOOT  
PRONGS--

CONK

--AND HOPE THAT  
ONE OF THEM CLOCKS  
HIM A GOOD ONE!



THE WIRE--VANISHED--  
EVERY LAST BIT OF IT,  
INSIDE AND OUT.

GUESS  
I MUST'VE  
HIT HIM!





HE DIDN'T  
GIVE ME A LOT  
OF *CHOICE*,  
SHAPE.

FLYING MAN *HURT*  
SHAPE'S FRIEND.

DON'T  
WORRY, I  
WON'T LET  
EITHER  
OF YOU  
*FALL*.

SO WHAT'S THE *IDEA*--? WHO PUT YOU  
TWO *UNDER CONTROL*?  
WAS THE *REST* OF THE  
EX-SQUADRON ABOARD  
THAT SHIP?

SHAPE  
NOT  
TELL.

KISS  
OFF,  
JACK.

WE DID WHAT WE WERE  
TOLD-- *DELAYED* YOU  
UNTIL THE MASTER'S SHIP  
COULD JUMP INTO  
*HYPERSPACE* WHERE YOU  
COULDN'T *FOLLOW*!

ONLY MASTER FAR  
AWAY NOW--FORGOT  
TO *TAKE US*!  
*SWAAAN!* SHAPE  
NOT *WANT* TO THINK  
FOR SELF!





MINUTES LATER...



BOTH OF THESE GUYS ARE PRETTY **USELESS** IN THE **INFORMATION** DEPARTMENT. MAYBE AT THE PROJECT I CAN AT LEAST DETERMINE IF ALL OF THE **EX-SQUADRON** WERE ABOARD THAT SHIP OR NOT--!



HEY, QUASAR! HYPE'S BUDDIES ARE **MISSING**! OH-- YOU **FOUND** TWO OF 'EM? WHERE'RE THE **REST**?

IF THEY'RE NOT HERE, THEN THERE'S A VERY GOOD POSSIBILITY THEY'RE ALL ABOARD A **FLYING SAUCER** THAT JUST TOOK OFF AND **LOST** ME-- THANKS TO **HAYWIRE** AND **SHAPE**!



WHAT'S GOING ON, HAYWIRE? WHERE ARE THE **OTHERS**?

THE **MASTER** HAS THEM.

THE **MASTER**? MASTER WHO? MASTER **MENACE**? WHO ARE YOU **TALKING** ABOUT?

HE TOLD US NOT TO SAY.



I NEED YOUR **HELP**, QUASAR. YOU MUST **HELP** ME **RESCUE** MY **FRIENDS**!

I WAS **AFRAID** YOU'D SAY THAT.

NEXT: JOURNEY TO A STRANGE PLANET!